

The Alaskan Churchman

LII

DECEMBER, 1957

Number 4



O YE+ICE+AND+SNOW
BLESS+YE+THE+LORD;
PRAISE+HIM+AND+
MAGNIFY HIM FOREVER



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The design on the cover of this magazine is the work of Paul Eustace Ziegler. In art, it brings to Alaska the wondrous events and great characters connected with the Nativity of Our Lord and the Feast of the Epiphany.

The Blessed Virgin, who holds the Christ Child, is an Indian maid. A Fisherman, a Miner, and a Trapper represent the Wise Men who came from afar to offer their gifts and adoration. A fishnet, a screen of stately spruce trees, and towering, snowclad mountains form a lovely reredos. On either side stand members of that "glorious company of the Apostles" to guard the Holy Child.

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Now a Missionary Dwells on the Plenty-Game-Trail

About fifty miles northwest of Fort Yukon and about the same distance north of the Arctic Circle lies the little Indian village of Venetie which in Indian language means Plenty-Game-Trail, consists of log cabins on the left bank of the picturesque Chandalar River. These cabins house about seventy people, all Episcopalians and all Athabascan Indians, save the Bureau of Indian Affairs teacher and his wife and Miss Susan Carter, PHN, the Nurse—Evangelist representing the Church in the village.

The Christian faith in Venetie dates back to early Church of England missionaries long before the turn of the century and more recently to Bishop Rowe, Archdeacon Stuck and Dr. Grafton Burk, and to John Fredson, the splendid Indian lad who accompanied the Hudson Stuck party for



Miss Susan E. Carter

the Ascent of Mt. McKinley, who graduated from the University of the South, and who taught school and was a daily witness to his faith in Venetie before his death in 1945.

Yet the Church has never really had a resident missionary in Venetie. We had fine Indian layreaders who have taught the faith there; Albert Tritt, Indian apostle and Deacon, spent time there, helped build the present church building and laid great spiritual foundations also, but August 23, 1957, when Miss Carter flew in to Venetie with Bishop Gordon in the "Blue Box", marks the beginning of our first real resident missionary ministry in Venetie and may God bless Miss Carter and his Venetie children as they serve Him together.

Many difficulties had to be overcome before this step could be taken. The closing of the Hudson Stuck Memorial Hospital released Miss Carter (and her salary item in our budget) for this service, and she gladly volunteered for the challenging task.

However, we had no useable building in Venetie save the Church and Miss Carter must have a house—no matter how simple. So we must build

(Continued on Page 13)

The Young Church

By The Rev. Rowland J. Cox, St. Thomas' Mission, Point Hope

In recent years the phrase "the young churches" has been used to describe the overseas missionary areas of the Church's work. The phrase is suggestive and probably the images which it brings to mind are more accurate ones than those conveyed by the words "mission" and "missionary."

I find it most difficult, for example, to think of myself as being a "missionary." We usually use that word to refer to men and women whose primary work is the conversion to the Gospel of Jesus Christ of those who know Him not. Now everyone in the village in which I live is a baptized member of the Church, and this is true of all but a few of the native villages of Alaska in which the Episcopal Church is at work.

The other picture which the word "missionary" brings to my mind is that of a beloved patriarchal figure (I am 29) surrounded by smiling and admiring natives. This belongs with what might be called "Eskimos are a happy people" school of travel writing and tourist publicity. Some Eskimos are generally happy and some, generally unhappy. Like everybody else in the world, they know moments of joy and of sorrow; their lives have rich satisfactions as well as deep frustrations. The photographs by which most know native peoples the world over have perhaps wrongly convinced us that a life lived close to nature is simple and innocent. It is not. Human life knows few simplicities.

The phrase "young church" comes much closer to describing the reality of the Church in Alaska and at Point Hope. The time of planting the Church is over. A year ago I was in the States for several months. The life of the Church here continued without interruption. The regular services of the Church were led by members of the Church Council. There was no lack in attendance. The people of the village continued to live Christian lives, some more faithfully than others, just as

they have since the last pagan adults were baptized almost forty years ago. Despite this, I do not feel my presence in the village is of value solely because I have been ordained and thus may administer the sacraments. For the Church here is young and inexperienced. It does not have the wisdom and strength of its parent. It continues to need guidance and sustenance.

Parents have been known to stifle the growth of children; sometimes they are slow to see a child's capacity for independence. And in fact, though not in theory, we in native villages have sometimes failed to give responsibilities commensurate with the growth in the Christian life of those committed to our care. There are satisfactions in feeling that nobody else can teach, nobody else can conduct services, nobody else can run community parties, nobody else can maintain buildings properly. We have tried at Point Hope to put all those concerns which we could in the hands of the people of the village. Our finances are largely in the hands of a committee of the Church Council and a committee of women handles the old clothes' distribution. Our altar guild no longer needs the membership of my wife. Our Sunday School, except for my class, is taught by Eskimos. These are minor matters, of course, but they are means by which the child may learn to lead his own life.

Even long after a child leaves infancy, he depends for his support upon his parent. And in the native villages



The Rev. Rowland J. Cox

of Alaska we are still in this dependent stage. Our people cannot yet pay all the expenses of their Church and its clergy. Nourishment must be supplied and sometimes we complain of malnutrition. We fear that the growth of the young church is being stunted by lack of support. We are sure that we would mature sooner were we given greater sustenance now. We see so many needs: for a training center for the boys and girls of our villages who show promise and might become leaders as clergy and laity of the young church as it grows older; for a conference center for furthering the growth of our present lay leadership; for a new approach to the problems of the Indians and Eskimos who have moved to Fairbanks and are often there lost by the Church. (Like many children we do not always appreciate the claims others have upon the parent, nor the difficulties the parent may have in supplying all that is needed. So we may seem impatient, even selfish.)

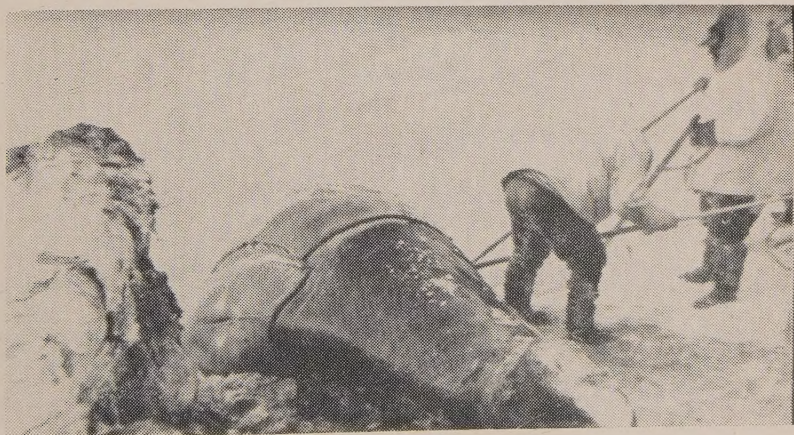
The Alaskan village where the young church is growing is far different from the States. It is not different just because of the climate. (As I write this the snow is beginning to cover up what grass grows at Point Hope. We shall not see the ground again until May.) And it is not different just because the livelihood of the people is earned in different ways. (Many of the men and women are now up a river thirty miles from the village fishing through the

ice. Other men are off on four-day caribou hunting trips, and still others are away at construction jobs. In such fashion do they gain their daily bread.) It is different because the vast complex of history and language, and economic social activity here differs immeasurably from that which is common to the parent church—and also from that which is common to the parent of the parent church, the whole ancestral complex of western Christendom. It is not easy for us to understand the way in which all these alien factors shape the young church's thoughts and hopes and fears. We who are representatives of the parent church in the Alaskan native village are outsiders. We try not to be, but we are.

We know our preaching and teaching fall short of their target for we can know only dimly what will strike the heart of the Eskimo or Indian, whose life, despite his superficial English and store-bought clothes, is shaped by forces we have never known.

We are outsiders, but there is one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of us all and we are bound by the Church to the lives of those we serve, as they are bound to ours. And despite our shortcomings, the people of the villages know this and have themselves opened the way for the grace of God to come into their lives.

A child, and a young church, craves understanding but cannot bear to be



Black Whale taken at Point Hope



Whaling Camp, two miles off of Point Hope

patronized. Our fur parkas are not picturesque; they are warm. Our dog teams are not adventurous; they are the best means of transportation over short distances. Our whaling feast is not exotic; it is a fine party. Our customs are not queer; they still serve useful social functions. And although missionaries may be poor men who like to travel, we are not in Alaska having a colorful time before settling down in the States, nor, at the other extreme, are we being noble. We are here because there is work to do.

Yet certainly we need understanding. For we are dependent upon the parent church in the States, upon you. Those of us in the ministry here are your instruments and we are proud to represent the whole American church. You employ us and support us. We want you to understand us.

And I believe you will understand our Church here and us better if you think of us as a young church instead of as a mission field. A child takes a great deal from its parents and only as it grows older does it learn to give. The parent church in the States has given much to the people of the Church in Alaska. We are learning, we are growing in depth and understanding. And the time will come when we shall be producing our own clergy, our own lay leadership, when perhaps we shall be sending missionaries to you. Next February our lay reader in Kivalina, Milton Swan, will be ordained to the diaconate, the first Eskimo to enter our ministry in Alaska. I am sure that others on the Arctic Coast will follow

him just as rapidly as we provide the means of training them and putting them to work.

A child never grows into an exact replica of its parent and the Church in Alaska's native villages will never be a carbon copy of the Church in the States. The young church is bringing its own rich and unique heritage to enrich the whole body of Christ, and in this way is already beginning to give as well as receive. We are beginning to grow up.

We ask that you continue your prayers and your support and your interest in us, remembering that we are not just a romantic and remote mission field but a young church.



Point Hope Cemetery



Altar Guild at Point Hope



Point Hope Church Council



Bishop Gordon visiting a Point Hope family

This is the Church in Alaska Too!

By Chaplain (1st Lt.) Daniel B. Kunhardt

On a clear day in Alaska one can look up, and almost invariably he will see in some part of the sky the contrails of jet aircraft. And on the hill-tops and mountain ridges throughout the territory he can see the radar domes and huge communications antennae that are part of our electronic defense system. The United States Air Force is much in evidence in Alaska.

There are three central bases in the territory, Elmendorf AFB is at Anchorage, and Ladd AFB is at Fairbanks. These bases have squadrons of interceptor aircraft, and they also support the many remote radar and communications sites that arch across the interior and along the coast. Twenty-six miles from Fairbanks is Eielson AFB, with the longest runway in the world, which serves as an advance base for bomber groups of the Strategic Air Command. At each of these bases there are Army Combat troops, and anti-aircraft artillery and missile batteries. At the larger bases there are thousands of men, and many of them have their

families with them, living in base housing or in nearby communities. They stay here for two to three years. The remote sites are manned by small groups of men who stay for about twelve months.

I am assigned to Ladd AFB, having arrived here in July, after the long and eventful drive up the Alaska highway. My family is here with me, and we live in Fairbanks. My particular job is that of hospital chaplain, and I am responsible for the spiritual care of the Protestant patients and staff of the 125-bed base hospital. On Sundays I preach at the Protestant services at the hospital and at a theater nearby, adjacent to the housing area. I also have communion services regularly for the Episcopalians at Ladd and Eielson.

The bulk of the chaplain's work is pastoral counselling. Morale is a problem here, especially for the single men, because recreation is limited in the long winters. Military personnel represent a cross section of American soci-



Ladd Air Force Base Chapel

ety, and at a base like Ladd where there are many dependents, the chaplain's work is much like that of a civilian priest, except that he deals with Christians of other communions as well as those of his own. This association with other Christians is one of the rewarding experiences of the chaplaincy, and it makes the reunion of the Church seem less remote.

President Eisenhower has said that every guided missile and every battleship is a theft from the poor and needy of the world. This is especially apparent in Alaska, where multi-million dollar military installations stand in sight of the poverty-ridden native villages. What if the Episcopal Church could give to her work in Alaska the price of one jet interceptor? And on a larger scale, what if the millions spent on the defense system here were spent instead on roads and schools and basic industries? Perhaps some day they will. But until then the terrible cost of a divided world will remain a goad to the Christian conscience, and a judgment upon our imperfect citizenship.

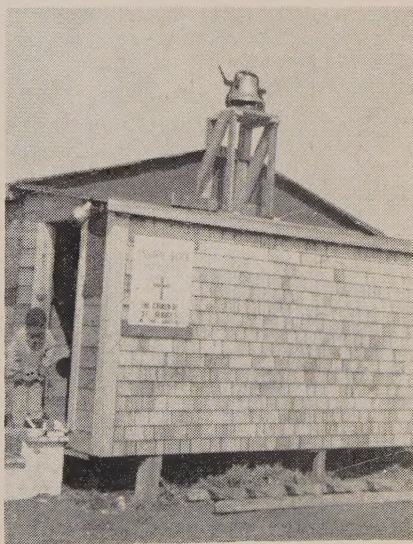


The Rev. and Mrs. Thomas M. Osgood and son Tommy



Chaplain (1st Lt.) Daniel B. Kunhardt

The Rev. and Mrs. Thomas M. Osgood and young Tommy are happily settled in their new work at St. George's in-the-Arctic, Kotzebue, where Tom is serving as Deacon-in-charge.



St. George's-in-the-Arctic
Kotzebue

What is a Missionary

By The Rev. Randall Mendelsohn, St. John's-in-the-Wilderness, Allakaket

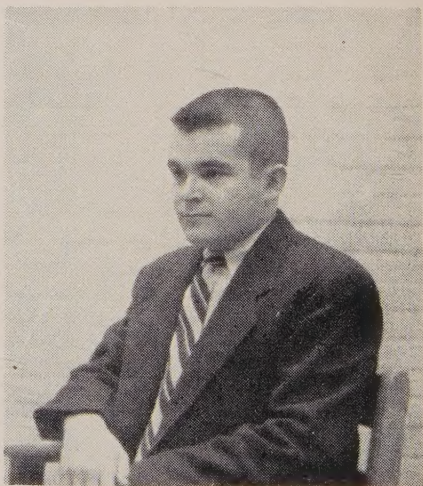
Before starting on my subject I believe a few explanatory words are necessary. Some might think it rather presumptuous of me to think that I am qualified to write on this topic, but as I volunteered to write an article, by request, I thought it might be "unique" to write on this subject for a missionary magazine. Actually I do not intend to define "Missionaries" in general. There has been much written on this subject by those far more qualified than myself. Rather I intend to write about missionaries in particular and the particular missionary is myself.

This might sound a bit egotistical on my part, but actually this is not the case. It is rather an attempt on my part to clarify some of my thoughts and share them with the reader. After two years in the "mission field" I am not quite sure why I should be classified as a missionary. By putting my thoughts down I might be able to resolve this problem for myself and somewhat enlighten the reader by sharing my thoughts with him. Now that I have dispensed with the reasons "why" and "for" of this article I will now attempt to discuss the problem of "What Is a Missionary" and see how I qualify for this title.

If I take the word "missionary" in its pure meaning I cannot say that I qualify. I am by no means bringing the Gospel to the people of Allakaket for the first time. The Gospel was brought to these people long before I was born. Most of the people in this village have grown up with the Church as I have. They were baptized as infants, attended Sunday School, were Confirmed, married in the Church, and are now having their children baptized. For most of them Christianity is the only religion they have ever known. I do not even have the problem, as some of my brethren in city parishes do, of trying to reach the unchurched. The people of this village all belong to the Church. Their church attendance is far better than that of churches which I have seen in the States (though I do

not believe that statistics on church attendance are indicative of Christians—I was once informed that Christ said, "Feed my sheep", not "Count my sheep"). It is true that they do not understand all the words of the Prayer Book, but this is also a problem in parishes in the States. Teaching is one of my major concerns but so is it for the city parish priest. They do not come to church to be "enlightened" by a "brilliant" sermon but to worship God and to receive His Grace through the Sacraments which, as far as I am concerned, is by far the most important reason for coming to Church.

If "missionary" means bringing Christ to the unchurched, then I do not qualify to be called a missionary. Actually, in their own way, they probably understand the Gospel better than I do. This still leaves me with my problem—unsolved. Maybe another approach to the subject would yield better results. As well as the village of Allakaket I have two other villages to serve. These can only be reached by boat or plane. It might seem that traveling by river to visit other villages as well as stopping at fish camps along the way might qualify me as a missionary.



The Rev. Randall P. Mendelsohn

Traveling by boat is not the usual manner for the clergy to visit. Actually this can be a very enjoyable pastime. How many clergy back in the States would envy my position? Many people look forward to boating as a means of recreation. I do not have the problem of trying to drive a car through city traffic on a hot summer day. In the winter, when the river is frozen over, I travel by plane. I have my choice of going on a DC-3 or a bush plane. Traveling by plane would not be considered either a hardship or primitive. In fact it is quite modern. By no means could my method of travel be considered a hardship. Nor can I see how this could qualify me for being a missionary. Again I must try another approach.

My way of living here in Alaska is quite different from what I was accustomed to in New England. I do not have all the modern conveniences—conveniences, not necessities. You can actually live without electricity and running water. It has not been too long since people back in the States did without these things. By no means did they consider it a hardship. For me, carrying water and filling lamps have become part of my daily routine. No one by any stretch of the imagination would class a clergyman as a missionary on the basis of his living conditions. Still left with my problem, I will turn to my final attempt.

This final attempt to determine my status as a missionary is a purely materialistic one—money. St. John's-in-the-Wilderness, in Allakaket, cannot support itself financially. The missionary-giving of churches back in the States makes it possible for me to be here. My work depends in a large part on the financial help which I receive. But in a way you need St. John's-in-the-Wilderness as St. John's needs your help. As St. Paul states in II Corinthians 9:6-8:

“But this I say, He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully. Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work”

As Christians, we all have the pleasure as well as the responsibility of giving to support the work of the Church—the Gospel of Redemption. God has made it possible for all of us to share in the spreading of His Kingdom. I can go to a village which cannot support a church or a priest because the Churches in the States make it possible. By giving, you can make an overt act of your Christian beliefs. As you say the opening words of the Nicene Creed, “I believe in one God the Father Almighty”, you commit yourself to support the missionary activity of the Church.

My problem seems to be resolved in this matter of finances. I am a missionary and I need your support. You are responsible for Christ being preached and the Sacraments being administered in a far-off village. Each of us, in our own way, is attempting to give for the work of the Church.

“All things come of thee, O Lord, and of Thine own have we given Thee.”



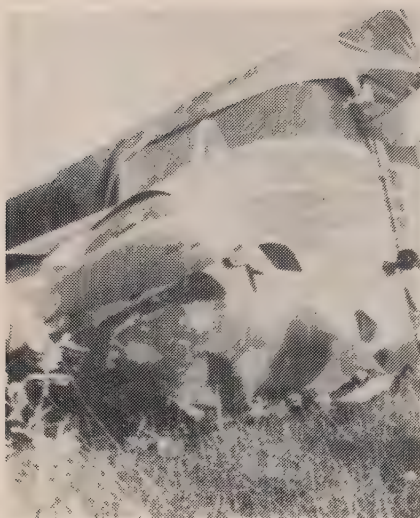
St. John's-in-the-Wilderness
Allakaket



CANADA



RY DISTRICT OF ALASKA



Remains of 'Blue Box I'

You see pictured here two "Blue Boxes". Blue Box I as shown above is obviously not flyable (following an accident north of Arctic Village in early

September when the plane struck a river bank on take off from a sand bar. Fortunately only the plane, not the Bishop, was injured). Because of the isolated location of the crash and the age of the plane (almost 150,000 miles) it was not economical to try to repair the damage.

Fortunately for the Bishop and for the Church in Alaska the UTO came to the rescue and at the October meeting of the Executive Board of the Woman's Auxiliary five thousand dollars was given towards replacing the plane, and on November first Bishop Gordon arrived in Fairbanks, flying back from Wichita, Kansas in a new Cessna 180, "The Blue Box II". The gift from the UTO, coupled with funds saved through the help of the original "Blue Box" underwrote the purchase and we are confident that the rest of the purchase price will be forthcoming. It is good to be airborne again and the new plane is a great improvement over the old in speed, comfort, convenience and safety.



Bishop Gordon pictured with "Blue Box II"



"New Mission House
at Venetie

NOW A MISSIONARY DWELLS

(Continued from Page 1)

a mission house. The men of the village cut the logs and erected the basic building. Now everything else must be flown in to Venetie from Fairbanks and Fort Yukon—doors, windows, roofing, lumber, flooring, plywood, nails, insulation, furniture and food and medical supplies. **Operation Venetie** with considerable trial and error, complicated by the failure of windows and doors to arrive, was basically and rudely completed in late August, although for two months after Miss Carter lived in the midst of village carpenters, scraps of wood and tools. But when the Bishop flew in to Venetie on November 9th in the "Blue Box II" he was welcomed to a warm comfortable log cabin home, to a full church for the service of Holy Communion that night, and to a village feast and dance honoring the return of two young men of the village from National Guard training in far-off California. So the Mission at Venetie takes on new life. Miss Carter ministers day by day with her medical skills to the physical needs of the village and likewise spiritually through the services of the Church, the Sunday School, the Woman's Auxiliary and in the total life of the village as the ministry of our Lord is truly meant to serve.

To give a little more of a picture of

Venetie we include excerpts from letters written home by two college girls from Covina, California who were sent by the Diocese of Los Angeles to teach in our summer Daily Vacation Bible School program. Sherry Vaughan and Carol Moody were two of ten capable and attractive students who spent the summer helping in our native villages. One of the five schools held by Sherry and Carol was at Venetie, and they occupied the mission house in a very incomplete stage while spending two weeks living with the people of Venetie in a wholesome Christian way and bringing some of the simple truths of the Faith to the people, young and old there.

Venetie, August 12

Dear Mother, Daddy, Dwight, and Ma-
ma,

There's a plane coming back from Ft. Yukon in about an hr. so we will get mail and I can get this off to you. We generally get mail just on Thursday.

We are very pleased with Venetie . . We arrived last Thursday afternoon and the Bishop stayed with us until Friday morning. The mission house is two-story, and two rooms. It is not finished inside, but is nevertheless very comfortable.

You'll never believe it, but we get up at 8:00 or thereabouts every morning, and have Bible school from 10:00 to 12:00.

Our curriculum has to be kept quite simple because of the language problem. Sherry has the younger ones and is going to have to work through an interpreter. Even some of mine don't understand too well what I'm talking about.

We're on the Chandalar River and it is beautiful—such a welcome relief from that muddy Yukon. We don't have far to pack water. The kids like to do it for us. It's the same way with our dishes, dirty floors and so on. What a life, huh?

People bring us things all the time. The 1st night we got some blueberries; the 2nd some cranberries; Sunday, duck, dried moose meat, and the school

teacher's wife, brought us some rolls and jelly.

We're on a slough which forms a beautiful deep pool in one place. Also have a sandbar, complete with sandy beach. The other day—Sat.—we put on our bathing suits and relaxed in the sun. Well, for a little while at least. I finally ended up exploring with the kids while Sherry snoozed.

We read Morning Prayer on Sun. and told the people a little about ourselves. We're also holding Evening Prayer on Mon., Wed., and Fri. evenings. The people truly appreciate the little we can do for them.

Several of the women visit us a lot and we have planned to go on a 30 mile round trip hike to the mountains some time before we leave. I can hear you laughing now . . . (Authors' note—It turned out to be a 20 mile hike, which we barely made, and we picked cranberries instead of blueberries.)

Well, Sherry finally got a puppy last Sat. night. And you've heard of a mother hen with one chick? Just make that two hens and you've got the picture. He really is a doll . . .

Venetie, August 14

. . . The time here is going so fast! Yesterday Carol and I went fishing with some of the women and children, two and a half miles up river. We also picked cranberries. We had a campfire and a lot of fun but "there was too much mosquito." You should see my legs! Those mosquitoes bit through my socks and got down inside my clothes.

Today Carol and I really had ourselves a day. Up at eight, breakfast, and Bible School from ten to twelve. Our project for today was to help other people. We divided the kids into groups of three and went to most every cabin doing chores. I did half a washing, hung it up, and made beds. About one we ate lunch, jumped up from the table and began our own work. Carol did our washing while I washed dishes. This task took over an hour with a few stops to put the dog out or to let him in and to make Kool-Aid for the five men working on our house. Then we cleaned house and I

baked five dozen cookies for our coffee hour. We gulped dinner in time for Evening Prayer service at 7:45. Everyone came over afterward for coffee, Kool-Aid, and cookies. After everyone left around ten some other people who could not come earlier came by. There must have been five or six kids until eleven. We had to pour kerosene in the refrigerator and it took about twenty minutes to get the flame to burn blue instead of yellow. I am no mechanic! After 15 hours of straight work we got to bed. (Authors' note—This was one of our busier days.)

Venetie, August 15

Dear Mother, Daddy, Mama, and Dwight,

I got up at 7:10 to start writing letters—Today is mail day. Sherry stayed up and did hers last night—and look how long it has taken me to get started. I'm getting the cold that Sherry's just getting over. We sometimes wonder if all our colds, coughing, etc. are caused by the dust instead of being actual colds.

Tuesday we asked some of the women to take us fishing. We expected a little jaunt up the river. It turned out to be a mile or two mile hike. We thought the mosquitoes were all gone, but they're still strong in the bush. I've got 11 bites on one leg to prove it. As



Sherry Vaughan

a result of this we were given a fish . .

Monday we're going on our 15 mile hike to pick berries. This should be good.

At Venetie, too, we had a closing program. In Bible School we were teaching them the seasons of the Church year and for the program the children did a tableaux depicting each season. Before they marched in singing All Things Bright and Beautiful it was plain to see they were excited.

The program itself went off very well for the amount of time we had to practice. We told the children to sing loud as we were recuperating from laryngitis. They really came through and we and their parents were justly proud of them.

As we look back on our summer in Alaska we find it impossible to list all the things which made it such an unforgettable one. We know that we have changed little or perhaps developed more as a result of our ten weeks with the people. We hope that the goals



Children of Venetie

which we were to accomplish were achieved. We are very grateful for the opportunity to serve in the Missionary District and hope to be asked to return.



Carol Moody, Sherry Vaughan and friend

Where Two or Three are Gathered Together

By The Rev. Robert Grumbine

It is approaching noon and I have just returned from the dock where I picked up some freight from the "Nadine", one of our weekly ships from Seattle (Alaska Steamship Company). As I drove back to the parish hall amid a heavy rain squall, I could see the wooden cross jutting out from atop the barn-type roof of the parish hall located scarcely one-quarter of a mile from the dock. I remembered with a chuckle the time I had in erecting that cross in 1953. The cross had been up only a month when our first fall winds deposited it in the sewer creek across the road. The next summer, it was again put up but with a great deal more support and it stands today easily seen from the harbor. Also, flashing across my mind were the many good times that so many people have had inside that old and historic building, within the short span of my own six years ministry, not to mention the ministries of my predecessors. Just about every group in town has used its basic facilities at one time or another: Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, Cub Scouts, Brownie Scouts, Woman's Civic Club, Alcoholics Anonymous, Chamber of Commerce luncheons, town hall meetings, public school kindergarten, childrens birthday celebrations, adult and teenage square dances, parish dinners and game nights, plus the traditional Sunday Church School and Woman's Auxiliary.

This past summer, a seminarian from The Episcopal Theological Seminary, Mr. Herman Nelson, was placed in charge of the Mission while I was temporarily assigned to St. Peter's Church, in Seward. During Mr. Nelson's nearly two months tenure, plans went ahead fast and furiously for repairs on the foundation of the parish hall and interior renovation of the Church. For the foundation work—always expensive—old bridge timbers were used through the kindness of the Bureau of Public Roads' District Engineer, Mr. John Cooley, a member of the parish.

It had become apparent during the previous winter that foundation work was a "must" since the weekly Friday night dances—open to all teenagers in the community—showed that the floor had a little too much "give" in it to stand up to the square dancing and bop. Now it is solid and the needle on the record player no longer jumps no matter how much punishment the floor receives.

You may wonder why I did not start by talking about the Church. This is not because the Church is the smallest in size of our four buildings, nor is it because the Church is financially prosperous (we struggle to raise \$2,500.00 per year from local sources).

IT IS BECAUSE THE PARISH HALL IS OUR LINK WITH THE COMMUNITY.

Every one of the six hundred and fifty men, women, and children in the town is aware of the needs which this building meets. This is the "giant" step. Next year, maybe five years, perhaps ten or more years from now—another relationship should be experienced by the people of the community, or many of them. Then the Church itself will become vital and meaningful in the lives of many who now are seemingly satisfied with a parish hall relationship to the Body of Christ.

What of the Church in 1957? Physically, interior, exterior, and under-



The Rev. Robert Grumbine

pinnings have been renewed. If you should walk into the Church, you would see: new wallboard insulation, a new linoleum-tiled floor, a new rich and thick carpet for chancel and sanctuary, a year-old Baldwin electronic organ. A step through the sacristy into the parish hall will reveal a freshly painted 25 x 25 room with masonite flooring, and, upstairs, a home-like "Upper Room" used for small group meetings and a small but adequate study-mission office. The appearance of the entire "plant" is functional, geared to the use it receives.

All of this is indicative of the spirit of the congregation of the Church of the Epiphany, small but active. How many people? The parish register lists twenty-five confirmed members, active and inactive, young and old. Then there are another dozen adults from the major Protestant denominations not having churches in Valdez, notably Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Lutherans, and Methodists. The Christian Education program enrolls thirty children, pre-school through sixth grade levels, six teenagers, and several adults.

How has such physical renovation of Church and parish hall come about in

a town where the economy is at one of the lowest points in its sixty years history?—where only 10 per cent of the adult population attend any Church (and there are five Churches here)? How has it happened? The prophet Zechariah experienced the answer to that question, "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord."

In our highly technical and technique conscious age where every decision one makes often needs an explanation, this answer may sound like over simplification. It is not. The answer is true because the members of this small mission have experienced it personally, not once, not twice, but many times. Amid all the discouragement of a transient community, the frustrations of a partial ministry, and the limitations of an apathetic citizenry, God's word, sown by former priests in charge of this Mission has not fallen entirely on barren soil.

Perhaps because of the very smallness in numbers, people feel compelled to "fall in" and help work, and then after they have given themselves to whatever task is at hand—as duty—they move beyond this initial stage to



Church of the Epiphany, Valdez

see real opportunities not as duty but as privilege. Still you may ask, what is the secret? The answer is simple to state but difficult to comprehend. The people here have opened their hearts to the Holy Spirit and they are not working for themselves or by themselves—it is the Holy Spirit working within them and through them. Even though families leave town as they must, they leave something of themselves behind in loving gifts to Christ's body. Everywhere we look we are reminded of the people whose skill, talent, and time were generously given.

Nor does the Holy Spirit operate only through the adults. Five years ago in sheer desperation, I turned the choir over to the young people and older children since I was unable to muster an adult choir. These young people accepted the challenge and turned the choir into a musical group that is beginning to be known throughout the Church in Alaska.

The Spirit is not hidden. Visitors worshipping in the congregation have frequently spoken of the warmth, openness, and Christian acceptance which they felt in the congregation.

At times our spirits falter but the Holy Spirit—The Strengtheners—picks us up and we witness what is happening here among us.

The Rev. Coleman Inge of Tanana has been working hard ever since spring erecting a new log rectory for St. James Mission, Tanana. With much local help the job is nearing completion and we will have a fine new rectory in Tanana to replace the half-century old shack that we have been using as a rectory. Coleman deserves a lot of credit for his fine work on the house as well as sizable extension to St. James' Church. Our Alaskan clergy often prove to be a versatile lot, but we wonder where Coleman got log cabin experience in Alabama!



The Rev. John R. Lodge

The Rev. John R. Lodge, Priest-in-Charge of St. Paul's Church, Athens, Tenn., since 1952, has been appointed as a missionary to Alaska and has been assigned to serve at St. Philip's Church Wrangell, effective early in January. When Mr. Lodge arrives in Alaska the Rev. Hugh F. Hall, who has been our priest at Wrangell since 1948, will take up his new work at St. Peter's Mission, Seward.

Mr. Lodge is married and has three sons, ages eight, six and ten months, and a daughter, age four. He is a graduate of the Sewanee Seminary. Mr. and Mrs. Lodge have been looking forward to missionary service for many months and we are deeply grateful to them for casting their lot with the Church in Alaska. We warmly welcome them to Alaska and pray for God's richest blessing on their ministry here.

We welcome the arrival of Madeleine Estelle Harriot, fourth daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Cameron Harriot of Ketchikan. She also has a little brother, Paul. Little Madeleine arrived in Ketchikan on October 4th.

The ALASKAN CHURCHMAN will make a fine Christmas or birthday gift for your church friends and you will help spread the story of the missionary work of the Church.

And He Healed Them

By The Rev. Philip E. Jerauld, St. Mary's Mission, Anchorage

"And he healed many who were sick with various diseases - - - ." (Mark 1.34-). The realization that a large and normal part of our Lord's ministry included healing the sick is becoming more and more evident in the life of the Episcopal Church today. Fortunately the Church never completely lost the ministry to the sick, though it has been neglected for so many centuries. We can thank God that He saw fit to preserve enough of a spark to rekindle the flames of healing power in His Church today. Throughout the United States more and more of our Churches have healing services and provide the Laying-on-of-Hands and anointing with Oil; prayer groups are growing and God's power to heal is beginning once more to be seen as part of His Divine Will for His people.

Here in Alaska a large percentage of the clergy are already exercising their ministry in the area of healing. At our Clergy Conference in Fairbanks this past September we spent the better part of one afternoon discussing healing and the work that some of us are doing in that field. There was more interest and response than we anticipated. Better still, there has been real evidence of genuine results in this work, though that is not what we are seeking or promoting. The Glory and Honor and Praise and Power belong to God. We can only be thankful that He chooses to work through His people even though He does not have to.

At least three Prayer Groups are 'at work' in the Missionary District, though there may be more not known to this writer. At St. Peter's-by-the-Sea in Sitka, Dr. Henry Chapman, the priest-in-charge, has a Prayer Group which meets regularly. In Shageluk, the nurse-evangelist, Jean Aubrey, meets regularly with people of the village, in her cabin, and they all pray, individually and corporately. At St. Mary's, Anchorage, a group of five has formed to pray for the sick. In each case, these people meet together to of-

fer to God the problems and pains of various people, some near and some far. The St. Mary's group meets as such every week, one week for Holy Communion and the next for prayers, but they pray daily for those on their list. The Laying-on-of-Hands (Prayer Book, p. 320) is made available at the Holy Communion services. Those of us involved in these groups now wonder why we neglected this work so long, for prayer is a normal part of the Christian life, but so few of us have believed it and really practiced it without embarrassment. We dare not boast. We only know that people leave the altar rail, having received the Holy Communion and the Laying-on-of-Hands, renewed and healed. We have known cancer to disappear. We have seen our people return from a subsequent examination to say, "The Doctor says that whatever it was that troubled me, it's not there now", or "wrong diagnosis." Such occurrences are not unusual for us now—they are becoming 'normal'. At All Saints' parish in Anchorage, both Guilds are studying prayer this year and we expect that out of this another prayer group will be formed. The clergy who have these groups feel the tremendous power and undergirding strength that prayers bring to our work.

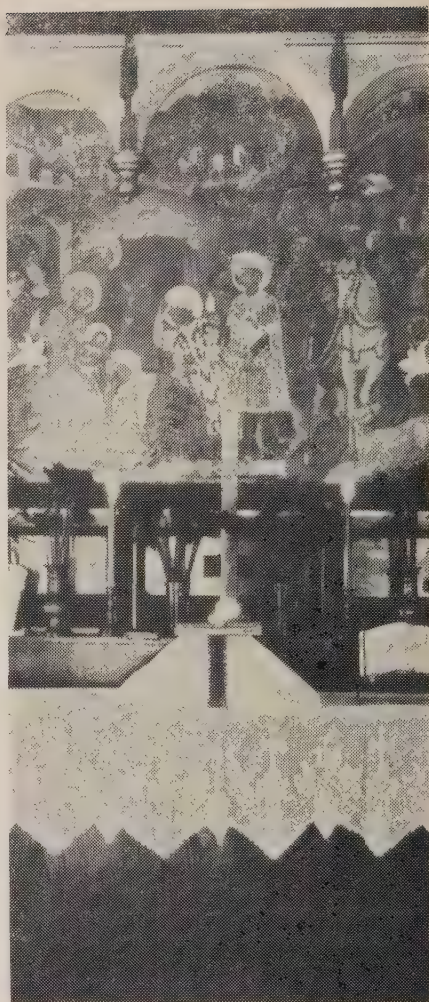
Perhaps the least known part of this ministry are the almost daily opportunities that come to the clergy as they make 'the rounds' of their parishes, be it in city, town, or village. In our calling we come upon many, many instances where there is an obvious need for prayer, with an opportunity to teach that it is God's will for His people that they be well and whole, that sickness is **not** a visitation from Him. How many times have you and I said, "Oh well, I guess God is trying to teach me a lesson", assuming that the illness is His will, and then we do all we can to fight it with every medical facility known to us, sometimes, at great expense. It is His will that we be

whole in body, mind, and spirit. And God has chosen to work not only through His Church, but through medicine and all those thousands of doctors and nurses who minister with healing gifts too.

Those of us near hospitals have additional opportunities to minister to the sick. Along with the great advances being made in the medical world, we have had many occasions to bring the Church's healing ministry to those confined in nearby hospitals. At the Public Health Service Native Hospital in Anchorage, the many Native Episcopalians are eventually returned to their villages, having known and experienced the power and strength of prayer while confined. What to us and to them seemed at first strange, is now normal and expected. People expect us to pray with them and for them, to pray for specific things and to offer thanks to God for what He has already begun. In addition to this, to be more specific, the present Influenza situation has afforded us many occasions also for carrying the healing ministry into the homes of our people.

It is our hope that at the 1959 Clergy Conference in Anchorage we shall be able to have as our leader, someone from 'Outside' who has had much more experience than we in this field. We are confident that this ministry of healing will grow in the District and we bid the prayers of all our readers for this work.

We are told in Luke 4.40 (RSV)—“Now when the sun was setting, all those who had any that were sick with various diseases brought them to Him; and He laid His hands on every one of them and healed them.” And He gave power and commandment to His Church to do so too. Once again this ministry of our Lord's is being used by His people to bring Light and Life and Wholeness to those in need, and according to His Will.



Altar of the Church of the Epiphany, Valdez

HAVE YOU RENEWED YOUR
SUBSCRIPTION TO THE
ALASKAN CHURCHMAN?



PARISHES

Anchorage	All Saints'	The Rev. Malcolm H. Miner The Rev. Carter Van Waes Miss Caroline W. Templeton, DCE
Fairbanks	St. Matthew's	The Rev. Richard T. Lambert The Rev. Alexander C. Zabriskie, Jr.
Juneau	Holy Trinity	The Rev. Samuel A. McPhetres
Ketchikan	St. John's	The Rev. J. Kenneth Watkins

MISSIONS

Allakaket	St. John's-in-the Wilderness	The Rev. Randall P. Mendelsohn
Anchorage	St. Mary's	The Rev. Philip E. Jerauld
Anvik	Christ Church	The Rev. Glen M. Wilcox
Beaver	St. Matthew's	Capt. George S. Glander, C.A.
Cordova	St. George's	The Rev. Lewis Hodgkins
Circle	Trinity	Vacant
Eagle	St. John's and St. Paul's	The Archdeacon
Fort Yukon	St. Stephen's	The Rev. Walter W. Hannum The Ven. Norman H. V. Elliott
	Hudson Stuck Memorial Clinic	Dr. W. Burns Jones, Jr. Miss Harriet H. Keefer, P.H.N. Miss Margaret H. Merrell
Huslia	Good Shepherd	The Rev. Patterson Keller
Holikachuk	St. Paul's	The Rev. Thomas G. Cleveland
Ketchikan	St. Elizabeth's	The Rev. Cameron Harriot
Kivalina	Epiphany	Mr. Milton Swan
Kotzebue	St. George's-in-the Arctic	The Rev. Thomas M. Osgood
Minto	St. Barnabas'	The Rev. Richard F. Simmonds
Nenana	St. Mark's	The Rev. Lee W. Stratman
Petersburg	St. Andrew's	The Rev. Albert J. Sayers
Point Hope	St. Thomas'	The Rev. Rowland J. Cox Mr. Donald Oktollik
Seward	St. Peter's	Vacant
Shageluk	St. Luke's	Miss Jean E. Aubrey, P.H.N.
Sitka	St. Peter's-by-the-Sea	The Rev. Henry H. Chapman
Stevens Village	St. Andrew's	Vacant
Tanana	St. James	The Rev. Coleman Inge
Tanacross	St. Timothy's	The Rev. Robert B. Greene The Rev. David Paul
Valdez	Epiphany	The Rev. Robert Grumbine
Venetie	Good Shepherd	Miss Susan E. Carter, P.H.N.
Wrangell	St. Philip's	The Rev. Hugh F. Hall

OUTSTATIONS

Annette Island	Nome	Rampart	Palmer
Arctic Village	Chalkyitsik	Point Lay	Skagway
Big Delta	Dot Lake	Mentasta Lake	Tetlin
Bettles	Hot Springs	Mt. Edgecumbe	Wrangell Institute
	Hughes	Noatak	



